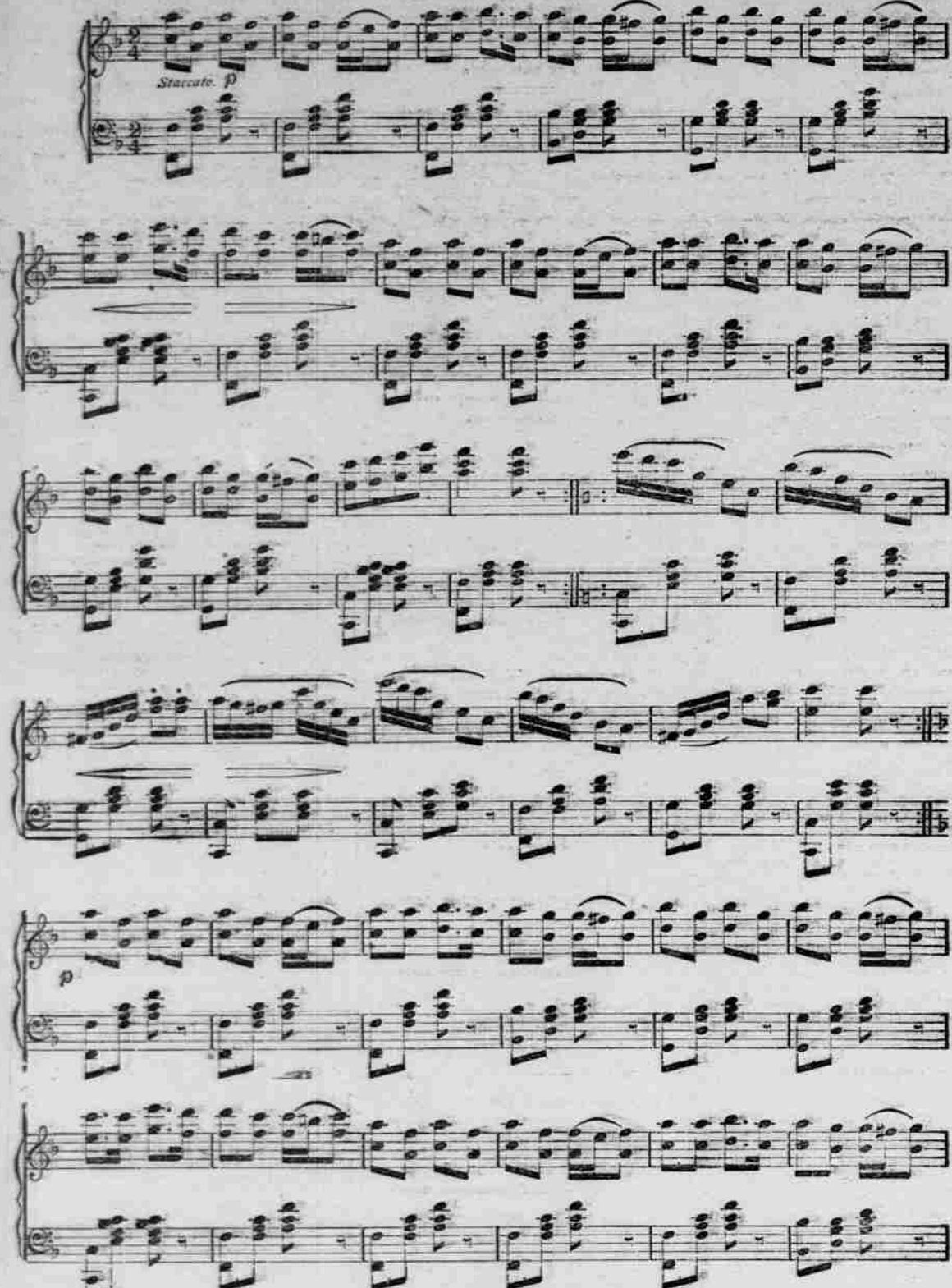


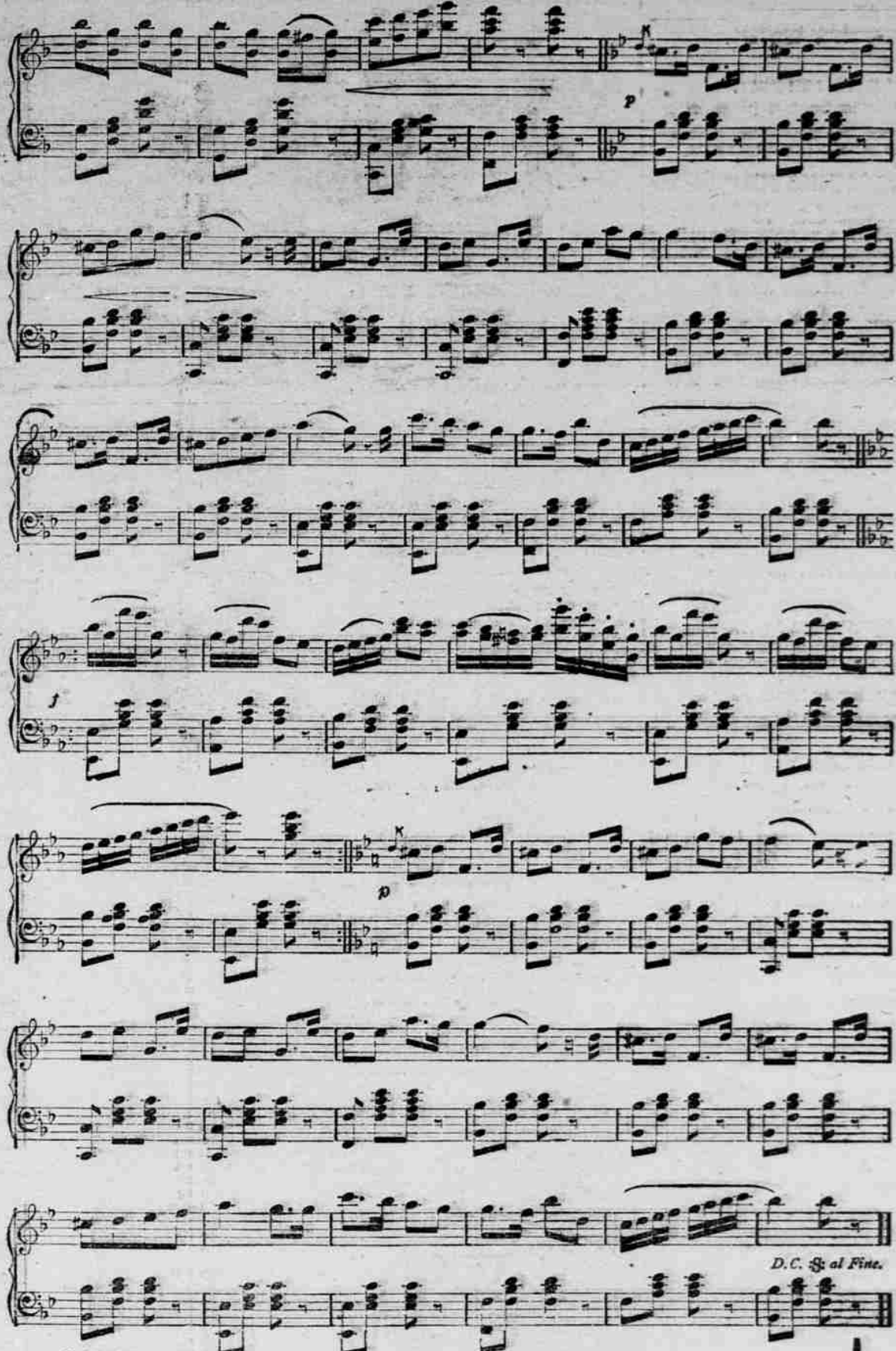
MARONETTE.

POLKA BRILLIANTE.

By A. FORESTALL.



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Marionette.

HOW PARIS HONORS
THE "JOUR DE L'AN"It is a Season of Good Will and
Sweetmeats.

MORNING IS SPENT AT HOME

But All Paris Flocks to the Boul-
vards in the Afternoon.Everybody laughs and everybody is politely
"monseigneur" and "madame"—Good
luck supposed to follow every penny
given away on the day, and they fairly
kiss each other on the cheek.Paris, Dec. 29.—The Parisian New Year
has none of the characteristics that mark its
other holidays.It is the day of the year, as its French name
"jour de l'an" implies; and where the other
festes may be celebrated by functions, New
Year is a time for all classes, for rich and
poor, high and low, alike.A new leaf of good resolve or all the world
is turned over, and the days marked by a
childishness and diplomacy that seems
strangely comical.Family feuds are forgotten, and visiting
cards put up in little unsealed envelopes of
the same size are sent to even the most in-
different acquaintances.The courtesies, in whose black books one
has perhaps been written for a period, is soft-
ened with a douceur. Even the washer-
woman must be remembered; and, if so in-
cluded, you can, with perfect etiquette, add
another to the heap of splendid bouquets
that, covered with horns of white paper and
bed with snatches of satin ribbon, lie in her
blanquette window.

Good luck is supposed to follow every



A MANLY GREETING.

penny given to the beggars that swarm the
streets, and to the stranger eye the skies seem
fairly to rain sugar plums.And such sugar plums! One may travel in
many lands and see many things, but no-
where can sugar plums be found in such
eye and palate-delighting shapes as in Paris.Indeed, no one may be said with truth,
to rule the roost on the French New Year.
And always in high favor with the gay tri-
fling Parisians, they form on that day the
staple medium of social intercourse.The estroins, the New Year's gift of the
morning, is always accompanied by a box of
candies tied elegantly with ribbon; and along
with the funny perfunctory little kiss on
each cheek, more often than not, even men
relatives and friends exchange satin bags of
chocolates or caramels.The diamond necklace that goes perhaps to
the marquise is smothered in sugared rose
leaves and violets. The jewel box of the
actress is heaped high with tinted almonds.And be the gifts of the bourgeoisie, the shop-
keepers, the glove sewer, and the flower-
maker what they may, they are invariably
swathed in some elegant and dainty fashion
with long bows.But to see the New Year candles in their
most characteristic Parisian excellence, it is

FRENCH FISH WIVES.

necessary on that day to make a visit to the
boulevards.Here, from the Place de l'Opera, to the St.
Denis Gate, stretch great glittering shop win-
dows, blooming with sweets in every con-
ceivable color and shape.There are monkeys and baboons in choco-
late, cats, dogs, pigs, and doll military in
tinied cream; sugar lilies, roses and orchids;
even cabbages, carrots, turnips, onions, and
asparagus incredibly natural, and all of
which, when their crisp outer crusts are bit-
ten into, will send down the enchanted throat
delicious rains of cordial.

JOLLY SHOPPING.

At the outer edge of the pavement, all
along each side of the boulevard, there will
be little booths hurriedly kneeled up to catch
the holiday buyers, and made gay with col-
ored calico. These reproduce in humble ma-
terials, for a more modest trade the treasures
of the shop windows. The grand lady dolls
and punchinellos—Punch and Judy—the
satin and paper bonbonnières, and all the hun-
dred and one other charming trifles that travel
under the head of "articles de Paris," and
that have done so much toward building up
the fame of that city.The best time to "do" the boulevards on
New Year's Day, or any other for that mat-
ter, is in the afternoon.Then the amiable, as well as the inamiable,
show may be seen; and of the two the latter
is by far the more interesting.The morning has been entirely given up to
an interchange of presents and kisses and
perhaps a family visit or so, but immediately
after 2 o'clock, the true Parisian begins to
"flâne" the boulevards. Here will be a fat
old gentleman with his fatter wife, buying
pink sugar candies with chocolate wicks. A
Latin quarter student in a "beret," a sort of
Tain's Shantier cap, comes next; and further
on, perhaps, will be two old men, decorated,
patent leathered, and beaver hatted, who will
lollyneck with an embrace on each cheek,
before beginning the New Year compliments.At the door of a great shop some half dozen
ladies with very red faces and white cotton
caps are shown out with ceremony. They are
a deputation of fish women from the Halles
market. And presently, with bouquets, they
will be rolling in carriages toward the Elysee
Palace, going, curiously enough to pay, with
diplomats and high dignitaries, their respects
to the president.All is gaiety. Everybody laughs and every-
body is politely "monseigneur" and "mad-
ame." "Riote" and sisters of charity, with
schools of boys and girls in tow to see the
sights of the shop windows, jostle people of
all sorts and degrees of life. It is only when
two long stretches of dusky boulevards begin
to break into gas jets and illuminated signs,
that the crowds go home to the family din-
ner that is also a prominent feature of the
Paris New Year.

NINA FRIZZ.

How He Fought.

Old soldiers who have really seen war are,
as a general thing, not much given to boast-
ing and are perfectly ready to admit that they
were not always so reckless as to lose all
thought of personal danger.

"It was an awful battle, they say,"

"Yes, ma'am."

"It was a awful battle, they say,"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Could you see what was going on?"

"Not very plainly."

"I suppose the smoke of the artillery."

"It wasn't that, ma'am."

"What was it then?"

"The iron."—You'll a Companion.

HOW THE NEW YEAR
MAY BE CHRISTENEDSome Venerable Historical Cas-
toms and Their Objections.

WEAK MEN TEMPTED BY WINE

And Rendered Unfit for Calls on
Other Men's Wives and Daughters.Besides, the Number of Visits to Be Paid Be-
come a Bore in Large Cities—The Day
Should Rightly Belong to Those Near and
Dear to Each Other—It is Essentially a
Family Day—Unwise Gift-giving.'Tis nature's law of compensation that
every excess causes a defect; every sweet
bath its sour, and the regret over the decay
of that gracious custom of New Year's call-
ing may be balanced by a genuine feeling of
relief.A decade ago the first of January was a
great social festival. From house to house
of friends and acquaintances men traveled to
pay their respects. The calling this season will
be restricted to one's family, or few very inti-
mate friends.The custom was always questionable in its
results. The temptations to weak and even
strong men were great. But rooms, the
softness of fragrance of flowers, fair women,
and the conviviality that prevailed at the
buffet proved rocks on which a whole armada
of ships went to pieces. Men who could pass
a bar without the slightest inclination to in-
dulge.LOST ALL SELF-CONTROL
on this day and evening, when the muscles

NEW YEAR'S CALLS TO-DAY.

of their morals were softened by the genial
glow spread over everything.There were sisters, wives and mothers who
for this reason dreaded the social christening
of the new year. They knew by long expe-
rience the mortification that would result for
them later in the evening. Either to be tor-
mented by anxiety every time a new group of
callers was announced, or to sit at home and
tremblingly await his return.Then there came another questionable side
to the day's pleasure.In large cities the number of visits to be
paid became a bore. Exchanging greetings
with one's friends was well enough, but the
fraternal of the custom demanded a few min-
utes spent at each house that chose to throw
open its doors. It was useless to plead mere
acquaintance or even cordial dislike for
shirking a visit; the social dictum remainedunaltered; call one must on everybody who
came to receive.The condition assumed a tiresome phase
that it is feared will follow the present un-
wise gift-giving at Christmas.

Exchanging presents is a beautiful Chris-



OLD-TIME REQUIRING.

mas custom when rightly employed, but
the idea which seemingly prevails that peo-
ple for whom you care nothing shall receive
of your scanty or plentiful bounty is a strained
case of generosity. Women appear to re-
gard the day as one in which every moneyed
artery should be squeezed dry to provide as
handsome presents as her friends are giving,
instead of being willing to send only as many
as her purse will allow.The Southern States were the last to re-
linquish indiscriminate New Year's calling, but

NEW YEAR'S CALLS TO-DAY.

the coming season no single city will revive
the custom which became too artificial to en-
dure.The sensible primary foundation on which
this false condition was build will be re-
turned to in the opening day of '95.The dear old mother will receive all her
family, and the day will belong to those near
and dear to each other. Each branch of the
tree, no matter how remote, will wish their
cordial "good yen" to the head of the house.
And the picture, I wager, will be prettier, if
not so bewildering, as in former years.

Over-coming it.

Miss Dasher—Ah, my lord, you must stay
here long enough to take in all the beauties of
the country, you know.Lord Langdon—Does not? What do you
think I am—a mormon?—Exchange.

IMPROMPTU COOKING.

Some Do It for Economy and Some to
Appe Bohemianism.From the Bohemian haunts unappetizing
echoes have been caught of restaurant guests
cooking their own suppers—now, behold this
strange, new fashion is being rapidly adopted
by New York's excessively fashionable set.What the one class do for economy or con-
sistent unconventionality, the other affects
for fun or mimicry of artistic life. The con-
ditions of the cookery may jump from a gas

THE FASHIONABLE CHAFING DISH.

stove to a silver chafing dish, but the elements
remain the same.There is altogether an atmosphere of con-
viviality and good understanding that at-
taches itself to this mode of operation to
which the sons of the brush and pencil were
born. It is no uncommon sight at a Twelfth
street pension to see Richard Harding Davis
flying about with a beefsteak impaled on an
iron fork about to be committed to a broiler,
his dress coat neatly folded on a chair near
by. F. S. Church, the artist, at the same
time mixing salad in a large white bowl, and
a score of other well-known young men dis-
cussing inside information on current ques-
tions while stewing oysters or preparing the
lobster à la Newberg. The good-natured
Italian chef flings ingredients and utensils,a friend of the other sex into the restaurant,
and the same method was adopted, only she
became chef of the occasion.Now that the idea has caught on, it is no
unusual sight after the theater to find many
quiet little groups around restaurant tables
occupied by chafing dish and sawdust. The
young women or chaperone cooks while the
men either help or look on. Waiters who
are liberally tipped, stand about and seem
rather to enjoy the novelty than disapprove
of it.Organized society has heretofore looked
disapprovingly upon the habits of those
known as conventional anarchists; but, lo, a
chance has taken place, now the cult of the
Bohemians has become the cult of the
social Brahmins.

Parisian Boot Makers.

Fastidious 'Erisson Women are Devotees to
the Satin Shoe.English women are teaching American
women some important fact about foot gear.
We know to-day that a touch of patent leather
removes the shoe from street use, except in
the case of walking to and from afternoon
teas or luncheons. That only soft calf skin
suits the pavements, that low soles are to be
reserved for summer wear, that spurs are not
good form, except for men, and that laced
shoes, are the smart thing for the forenoon.

We have also learned to say "bootmaker."

Instead of "shoemaker," and to place our boots
exactly away on "trees" in a row, instead
of hanging them in the compartments of a
linen shoe bag.But when it comes to dressing the feet for
the house, the commandment is to French art. Par-
ticularly there is no clique of fashionable women
in the United States who acknowledge this as
universality as do the social leaders of San
Francisco.There exists in one of the narrow avenues
in Paris a bootmaker who asserts that his San
Francisco trade would reap him a respectable
income if he had no other customers. He
can exhibit on the shelves of his little shop
the wooden lasts of every society woman of
the Gate City, with but very few exceptions.
Boying French house shoes is a monomania
with these wretches, and the stranger in-
vited into their hospitable homes, acknowl-
edges that the hostesses' feet are indisputably
the most gracefully shod on the continent.For instance, no San Francisco woman—I
mean among the set particular in this score—
wears kid, either glove or suede, indoors.
Black satin is in vogue. As soon as she en-
ters her home, walking or driving shoes are
taken off and her feet slipped into dainty
shapely black satin boots, lined with heavy
white satin and fastened with many small
polished buttons.It is only on very great occasions that the
satin boot gives place to the satin slipper.
These women have learned the defects that
I once con-vent. None of the dressiness
attached to slippers is lost, for the long-
ramped, high-heeled, perfectly-fitting black
satin boot gives distinction to the plainest
house gown.Again there is no style of shoe that as seem-
ingly diminishes size. The bulkiness of
leather, the evidences of heavy stitching that
are inseparable even in the best turned kid
shoes, are done away with. The smooth sur-
face bears padding on the instep and can be
shaped upward into an inextinguishable arch under-
neath. One must pay \$15 to \$20 for these
luxuries, and be contented with the fact that
one wears a No. 34 instead of a No. 4, but
these trivial grievances are quite overbal-
anced by the other qualities of comfort, ease,
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